

Tracy, You're a Big Girl Now

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Summary: A glance into the past at Tracy's first day of kindergarten.
Oneshot

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Disclaimer - I own nothing.

Note - Yep, first fic here, and a Hairspray one at that. I love the relationship between Tracy and her father, so I wrote this little story. I hope you like it. Reviews are nice to have.

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>Tracy, You're a Big Girl Now

"Now, Tracy," her mothers said as she adjusted the red bow in Tracy's hair, "don't be nervous and play nice with the other children."

"Yes, Momma."

"And listen to your teacher, andâ€"

"Edna, honey," Wilbur Turnblad interrupted, "Tracy's going to be late for her first day of kindergarten."

Edna nodded and smiled at her daughter with unshed tears in her eyes. "And have fun," she finished. She kissed Tracy on the forehead and smoothed her plaid dress.

"You ready, baby?" Wilbur asked his only daughter.

"Yes, Daddy," Tracy smiled.

He smiled back and reached for her pudgy, little hand. "Say goodbye to your mother and we'll be on our way."

"Bye, Mommy," Tracy said dutifully.

At these words, Edna burst into tears and threw her arms around her daughter. She sobbed "Oh, my baby girl!" repeatedly. Wilbur had to suppress a chuckle as he saw Tracy roll her eyes.

The little girl squirmed in her mother's embrace. "Mommy!" she whined. "I gotta go!"

Edna released her but continued to cry as Wilbur led Tracy out the door of their apartment.

"First, she had to start walkin' and talkin', and now kindergarten," Edna cried. "What's next, Wilbur? Boys?" Her eyes widened at the thought of her little girl with some strange boy and she began to cry even harder. Wilbur and Tracy left the apartment as Edna sat down on the couch and gave into her tears.

Outside, Wilbur and Tracy walked down the street towards the bus stop.

"Daddy," Tracy asked, "are you going to walk me to the bus every day?"

"For awhile, yeah," he said, "until maybe the fourth grade. Then, you'll walk by yourself."

"Why?"

"Well, you'll get tired of me walking with you."

"Why?"

"Because you'll make friends at school, and you'll want to walk to school with them."

"But why?"

"Well, you'll be a big girl," Wilbur explained. He stopped walking and knelt beside her so he could be at her eye level. "See Tracy, you're growing up fast. Soon you'll have your own life. You won't want some old fart like me with you all the time."

She giggled at his choice of words. "Oh, Daddy," she said.

"I'm serious. When little girls grow up, they want to be independent."

"Independent?"

"Close enough," he smiled. "Girls get tired of their daddies as they get older."

"I won't ever get tired of you, Daddy," Tracy said.

They resumed their walk, and Wilbur smiled as he felt Tracy's fingers squeeze his as they drew near the group of schoolchildren. There were several parents standing about, mostly mother that Wilbur recognized as Edna's customers.

The bus appeared, and the parents carefully examined their children, tucking in shirts, retying shoelaces, and smoothing hair.

"This is it," Wilbur said, more to himself than to Tracy. She breathed in deeply and let go of his hand. Wilbur fought the urge to grab for it back.

As the other children began to board the bus, Tracy looked up at her father and said with trusting innocence, "I'll never be indepededant. I love you, Daddy."

Wilbur smiled. "I love you, too. Now go on."

Tracy grinned and skipped to the bus. Wilbur watched as she stumbled up the stairs and plopped into an empty seat by one of the windows. He waved, and she waved back, blowing him a kiss as the bus roared away.

The parents began to disperse, each going back to their separate lives, but Wilbur continued to stand on the corner long after the bus had disappeared from view. How long he stood there, he did not know. It was as if time stopped.

Wilbur shook himself from his trance, and turned to make his way slowly back to the Hardy-Har Hut. He dragged his feet all the way back to store, and it took all his will power to open the door and walk inside.

Wilbur stood in his store for 5 seconds before putting up the "Closed" sign and locking the door. He ambled up the stairs to the apartment. Edna sat by a basket of laundry, a shirt in her hands. She looked up at him expectantly, but Wilbur sat down on the couch beside her without a word.

Edna waited for him to speak. A soft moan escaped, and Edna was surprised to see her husband beginning to cry.

"Wilbur? Honey?" she asked.

"She's growing up," was all he could say.

Wilbur Turnblad sat on his living room couch for the rest of the day.

End
file.